

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1897.

WEATHER—Threatening weather, with rain, warmer southerly winds.

## RECOGNIZE CUBA'S INDEPENDENCE.

The answer of the chiefs of the Cuban revolution to the proposition of autonomy has reached Washington. As the Journal announced a week ago, the Cubans will not hear of anything short of independence.

Nobody knows better than Generals Gomez and Garcia what Spanish promises are worth. Spain offered reforms in 1878 and the patriots laid down their arms, only to find that they had grasped a shadow. Spain has but one use for Cuba—to exploit her for the benefit of Spaniards. As well expect the shearer to spare the wool of the bound sheep as Spain to permit Cubans to have a say in the government of Cuba.

Congress will soon meet and the Cuban question will be again to the fore. The people are tired of diplomatic shuffling and double dealing; they are tired of Minister Dupuy de Lome, who while being petted by the Administration was traducing the Government and lying about it in his dispatches. While the Government at Washington was spending \$2,000,000 of the people's money, and even persecuting American citizens on the information of the Spanish Minister that they were engaged in filibustering, De Lome was keeping the cable busy with reports to his own Government that we were ignoring our treaty obligations by permitting the sailing of expeditions in aid of the Cubans.

The sentiment of America is overwhelmingly in favor of justice to the Cubans. There are Tories among us, and they have their organs, such as the Evening Post and the New York Herald—the same paper that at the Sultan's invitation sent a representative to justify the Armenian atrocities—but the voice of America is for fair play to Cuba.

What will Congress do?

At the last session but for the interference of the Administration the United States would have recognized the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents and the people would have been satisfied. The time for this half-way measure is past. Cuba now stands for a nation; Spain herself has given them belligerency by exchanging prisoners and offering to treat with them. What the people of America expect from their representatives is the full recognition of the Cuban Republic, and with less they will not be satisfied.

## JUDGE CALDWELL ON THE LEGALITY OF THE BOYCOTT.

Two Judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis have decided that the boycott is not a legal weapon. The case was that of the Oiler State Company against the Coopers' Union and Trades Assembly of Kansas City. To the decision of Judges Sanborn and Thayer Judge Caldwell dissents. To the lay mind, at least, the minority opinion is the one that voices common sense, which ought to be the foundation of justice.

Whether organized labor has just grounds to declare a strike or boycott is not a judicial question. They are labor's only weapons, and they are lawful and legitimate weapons, and so long as in their use there is no force or threats of violence or trespass upon person or property, their use cannot be restrained. \* \* \* And in the case of a strike or boycott, so long as each side is orderly and peaceful, they must be permitted to terminate their struggle in their own way, without extending to one party the adventures of an injunction.

This sounds like reason, but it is not the prevailing opinion of the court. Judge Caldwell in his decision touches on the trusts as capital's weapon, in answer to which the boycott is employed. He says:

They are formed solely for pecuniary profit. They defy all social restraints that would have a tendency to lessen their dividends. What the stockholders want is more dividends, and the best manager is the man who will make them the largest.

The struggle is constant between the laborers whose labor produces the dividends and those who enjoy them. The manager is tempted to reduce wages to increase dividends, and the laborers resist the reduction and demand living wages. Sometimes the struggle reaches the point of open rupture. When it does the only weapon of defense the laborers can appeal to is the strike or boycott, or both. These weapons they have an undoubted right to use so long as they use them in peaceable and orderly manner. This is the only lawful limitation upon their use. That limitation is fundamental and must be observed.

Another sentence rings particularly true in view of the position taken by corporations employing many men—that capital may be trusted to take care of labor.

"One class of men," says Judge Caldwell, "cannot rely for protection and the maintenance of their rights upon the justice and benevolence of another class who would reap profit from their oppression."

The fact that this language is that of the Judge whose voice is opposed to the decision of the court is unfortunate. It seems to emphasize the claim that the courts are too willing to side with capital against labor. Such decisions as this are responsible for the outcry that is going up all over the country that the writ of injunction is rapidly becoming an actual instrument of oppression.

## THE ASSAULT ON OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Again the agitation against Santa Claus. The good old fellow, who never harmed even a doctrine, is being attacked by those who fear that the children's glee at Christmas time partakes too much of pagan rejoicing. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, leads the attack in this wise:

We propose to have our Christmas Day free from this idea of Santa Claus. It is a day sacred to the Lord, and there is no reason why any secular idea should be mingled with it. Children will gladly absorb the religious lessons of this day if their minds are not distracted by the notion of Santa Claus bringing gifts which could as well be given at some other time if it is really necessary that they should be given at all.

This is hard logic, however true. It is doubtful if a single believer has ever been lost to religion because of the Christmas joy of a child young enough to accept Santa Claus. It might be better to attack the demonology of childhood rather than the saint of the toy-pocked reindeer sled. If the bugaboos are banished, if children are taught to know that policemen are not on the lookout for

Man were eliminated, childhood would be the gainer by terrors lost. But poor old Kris Kringle is not of this class. He can hardly be considered a serious menace to religion, and any small harm he may do in the way of making more reluctant the soil for an orthodox belief to come later is more than made up in the pleasure one innocent child takes in his mistaken faith.

## A NEWSPAPER'S DUTY TO THE PUBLIC.

By obtaining an injunction against the Bridge Commissioners, and thus preventing the consummation of a plan for trolley car loops that would cost many lives, the Journal acted clearly within what it has caused to be recognized as the legitimate province of a newspaper. There are many wrongs and oppressions that stand derelict and abandoned in our civilization because, though they menace all, they are not the special concern of any single citizen. The Journal is acting for more than a million readers. All Greater New York realized that a death trap was being set when it was planned to make the bridge crowd cross four lines of trolley cars to get to the promenade, but the outrage would have been without effective opposition had it not been for the Journal's injunction. A newspaper, hardly less than a government, is the guardian of the people's rights, and there is no clearer right than of safety in moving about the thoroughfares of the city.

## A QUESTION FRANKLY ANSWERED.

The following letter has been received by the Journal:  
EDITORIAL ROOMS  
COLUMBUS DISPATCH.  
Columbus, Ohio, Nov., 1897.  
To the Editor of the Journal:  
Dear Sir:—"America for Americans First," is the motto adopted by the Columbus Dispatch. It believes that from this time on this should be the watchword and the rallying cry of all the friends of American workingmen. It believes that this principle should guide future legislation for the restriction of immigration; that the time has come when justice to the people of this country demands that immigration should be so restricted that every man in this country who can work and wants to work, has work. Labor leaders are beginning to recognize the necessity of such legislation. Immigration Commissioner Powderly will urge, in his forthcoming report to Congress. Secretary Pearce, of the United Mine Workers, has come out flat-footed for the suspension of immigration. The more the disastrous results of the unfair competition of foreign labor are seen, the more apparent it becomes that further half-way measures are useless. There has been too much consideration for foreigners. The time has come to consider the interests of our own people.

Do you not believe in this principle? And if you are not yet in favor of the absolute exclusion of all foreign labor until Americans all have work, do you not at least believe in drawing the line rigidly against all foreigners, however intelligent or otherwise, who come over here without any intention to become citizens, but simply to make all the money they can at the expense of Americans and then send or take it back to Europe to spend while they live in idleness? Do you not believe it to be our duty as publishers to call the attention of Congress and of the American people to the importance of this matter by discussing the subject fully and in all its phases? The Dispatch is doing all it can in this line and asks your cooperation. It will be glad to credit anything you may print on the subject if you will favor us with a copy of it. Fraternally yours,  
COLUMBUS DISPATCH.

The Journal believes that this letter is contemptible trash. No man who has the slightest knowledge of the spirit of the American people could write such a communication.

## NOT A PARALLEL CASE.

It is reported that the Canadian delegates at Washington demand as the price of protection for the seals in the Northern Pacific and Bering Sea a corresponding protection of the fisheries of the Atlantic off the Dominion coasts. They draw a parallel between the two cases which is quite imaginary, and say that Canada has a closed season for the fisheries which the United States ought to observe.

The seals resort to land belonging to the United States at a certain season, when the mature males can be selected for slaughter and the young and their mothers can be spared. In pelagic sealing the females going to and from feeding grounds are indiscriminately slain and their young left to starve, and a large proportion of those killed sink and are lost. The result is a fearfully wasteful depletion of the herds, a prospect of their extermination, and a tremendous loss in the legitimate sealing on the Bering Sea islands. These are established facts.

What is there corresponding to this in the fisheries? The legitimate ground of cod and mackerel fishing is in the open sea, and not on shore. There is as much chance of discrimination between the fish fit to be caught and those unfit in one place as in another, and there is no serious loss to anybody from indiscriminate catching. There is no evidence of a diminution of the supply from the operations of the fishermen.

The sole ground of Canadian complaint is that our fishermen catch fish off the Newfoundland banks and in waters that are free to all, and supply the American market instead of leaving a monopoly to Canadians and letting them sell us their fish.

There is no analogy whatever between the seal question and the fishery question.

## ENCUMBERING THE COURTS.

The Court of General Sessions has been obliged to dismiss a lot of ex-cise cases arising under the Raines law in order to have time to attend to its more important and serious business. That pestilent statute creates so many offences which sensible people cannot regard as crimes, and instigates so many charges of violation based upon an espionage which excites aversion, that a large proportion of arrests are followed by immediate discharge; in a large proportion of cases where the accused is held on indictment is found, and in most of the cases brought to trial there is no conviction. There are few instances in which the offence is so palpable and serious as to lead to the infliction of the penalties of the law, and the courts are encumbered with petty prosecutions to no purpose.

The only way of obviating this evil and at the same time avoiding injustice is to change the manner of executing the law at the beginning. Its obnoxious provisions we cannot get rid of at once, but there is room for much reasonable discretion in the application of all measures of regulation and restriction. There is such a thing as strict construction and liberal construction, as vigorous execution and lenient execution, and in that lies our only defence against the effects of oppressive legislation.

blackmail, or of lawlessness and disorder; but, on the other hand, the policy of instigating infractions of the law and spying after technical violations, in order to multiply arrests, should be abandoned. It harries the people and interferes with liberty where there is no intentional lawlessness or disorder, and it accomplishes no earthly good. It burdens the magistrates and encumbers the courts to no purpose, for judges and juries alike refuse to give effect to the tyrannical purposes of the framers of the infamous statute.

The introduction of Chinese labor in the Illinois coal mines is one of the unexpected results of prosperity. We cannot recall that any such beneficent arrangement was promised on the banners of the party that elected a President last year.

Hanna was heartily cheered by the Boston Home Market Club, but the Ohio legislative vote market shows a decided backwardness in warming up to the President maker.

The Chicago sneak thieves didn't chance a trip to the Klondike. They simply waited until Mr. Ladue made his appearance in that town and worked him for several valuable gold nuggets.

If the doubtful list of the Ohio Legislature contains but ten names, Mark Hanna will arrange his campaign so as to catch them in a couple of blocks-of-five.

Judge Lambert Tree, Chicago's eminent jurist, declares Cuba should be recognized. Here is a Tree that bears excellent American fruit.

Those persons who would suppress football must first induce the pretty girls to crown on the sport before they can hope to be successful.

The war on the Princeton Inn will probably turn out to be a good thing for the Princeton drug stores. It's an ill temperance agitation that blows nobody good—or off.

The announcement that the Capitol building at Albany is nearing completion will be sure to stir up its old and zealous rival, the Keely motor rumor.

The Forakerites are confident that Mark Hanna will find his Senatorial mushrooms are merely an assortment of deadly toadstools.

Tom Platt has filed a fresh batch of explanations and applications at the White House.

## Charles Emory Smith's Speech on the Rescue of Miss Cisneros by the Journal.

There is nothing in the glowing pages of Walter Scott more heroic than this lustrous achievement. The valiant Ivanhoe in his undaunted defence of the imperilled Rebecca did not present a loftier example of true chivalry than was exhibited in this daring rescue of Miss Cisneros from the noisome cells of the Spanish dungeon.

I am proud that this achievement, which will take its place among the most stirring stories of heroism in the world's annals, and which will excite the admiration of succeeding ages as it does of our own, was the distinct achievement of journalism. I am proud that the gallant knight errant who took his life in his hands and faced death in this sacred cause was a modest, working journalist, who accepted this perilous mission as he would accept any assignment in the performance of his duty.

Unassuming as he was, he ranks among the heroes of chivalry, and no lance ever poised in tourney and no sword ever crossed in battle represented a braver spirit or a truer purpose. We are here to pay tribute to him, as well as the heroine of this story, and every garland of honor placed upon his brow is richly deserved. This achievement illustrates the truth that journalism takes all fields for its own, and that in the battle of humanity and liberty, as well as in the struggle for good government and material progress, there is no summit of attainment which, with its great resources and its worthy inspiration, it may not successfully scale.

## The Competitor Prisoners and Spain.

That American governmental toleration of this course of conduct toward these citizens has amounted to a foul outrage and a national disgrace does not now need to be impressed upon any one advised of the facts. Not another naval power of the world would have allowed even one of its people to be so treated without sending a war ship, or a squadron if necessary, to release him months ago. The question is: What is Mr. McKinley going to do about it now?—Washington Times.

## EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

### The Trolleys and the Bridge.

To the Editor of the Journal:  
Your interference in the matter of the injunction served for the protection of the public against the trolley outrage about to be consummated on the highway of the Brooklyn Bridge is certainly a step in the right direction. The great menace to thousands who are compelled to use the Bridge is hardly of any concern to the grasping, vulgar-like propensity of the trolley magnates. There is absolutely no necessity for this greater additional abridgment of the people's rights. The advantages, if any, of the trolley crossing the Bridge are of minor importance when compared with the dangers consequent upon its operation.

It is to be hoped you will keep up the fight, and ultimately succeed in having the injunction stand permanent.  
No. 600 Macdon Street, Brooklyn. H. HAUSMAN.

### A Question of Ethics for Lawyer Howe.

To the Editor of the Journal:  
I wish that in the interest of justice and honorable practice you would give your readers your opinion as to whether it was honorable for Lawyer Howe to continue to assert that Golden-suppe was alive when, as I believe, he absolutely knew he was dead, and to delay justice by the seeming force of pretending to send to Europe for a witness to swear Golden-suppe had been seen there. To my mind, Howe by this act proves himself one of the lowest of shysters and no honorable lawyer, and therefore, not entitled to the respect of the profession and of decent people.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 12. A JOURNAL READER.

### The Journal and the Bridge Outrage.

To the Editor of the Journal:  
To your editorial of to-day, regarding the capture of the Bridge by the corporations that have been striving to obtain it for years, I say Good! Good! and again Good! Oh for a Zeigler or a Gaynor! Oh for a Captain Jamison to rescue us from these Unlabeled cars from Ohio and the West! If it had been Democratic trustees that had been in such a manner they would have been called either fools or knaves and unfit to hold such positions. If these gentlemen had been trustees for a private individual and had acted in the same manner the courts would have condemned such action. But where the people (with a small p) are concerned we have to rely on such a public champion as the Journal to obtain justice. Yours truly,  
Brooklyn, Nov. 12. JOHN H. MACKAY.

### Poison in Confectionery.

To the Editor of the Journal:  
Noticing an article in your issue of the 24th ult., headed "Poison in Confectionery," signed "Veritas," and knowing that you are ever ready to enlighten your readers and help every good cause, I would request that you publish the fact that the National Confectionists' Association of the United States, through its secretary, F. D. Seward, No. 523 North Main street, St. Louis, offers a reward of \$100 to any person procuring evidence sufficient to secure conviction of any concern using terra alba or other mineral substance, or any poisonous or hurtful color or ingredient in the manufacture of confectionery.

In none of the numerous alleged cases of poisoning have parties interested been able to produce a single piece of poisonous candy.

It is requested, the National Confectionists' Association will have chemical tests made of suspected confectionery free of charge.

Hoping that "Veritas" will avail himself of this offer, I am, yours respectfully,  
JAMES J. MATCHETT,  
Vice-President National Confectionists' Association.

## Big Bouquets For Brides.

FADS in flowers come as fast as the new world will accept the ingenious devices of florists to dispose of their wares.

The latest and probably the most profitable proposition, from the florist's standpoint, is to load each bride with an enormous bouquet. No matter what the floral composition may be, the aggregate must be something huge.

An example was furnished in the bouquet carried by Miss Edith Callahan at her wedding with James T. Smith, in the Cathedral, last week.



Big, but Beautiful.

This was one of the smartest weddings of the season, although very little fuss was made over it in the newspapers.

But to return to the bouquet. As the bride swept up the aisle in all the glory of white satin and point lace, her left hand, gloved and clutching a lace handkerchief, rested at her waist. The triangle thus formed by her arm and her body was used as the frame for her bridal bouquet, which was so big that it more than filled the odd holder arranged for it.

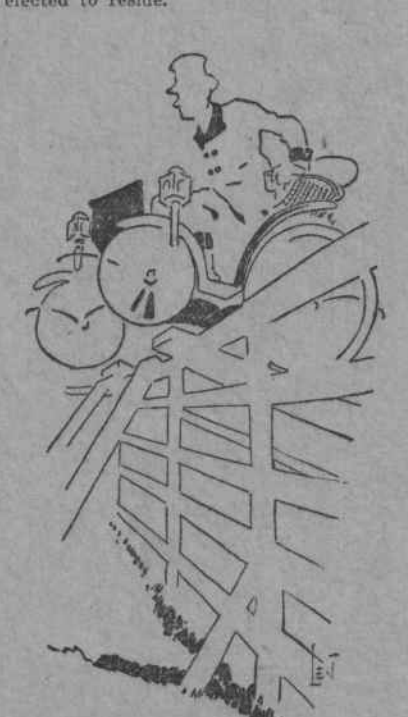
People who make a business of fixing fashions tell me that the big bridal bouquet is now the correct thing, but I don't like it. The extravagant thing is never the desirable thing.

As I indicated some time ago would be the case, Eugene Reynal has been installed M. F. H. of the Westchester Hunt in place of William Ivelin, who resigned.

The result is eminently satisfactory in all particulars, although certain people thought that Eugene Reynal's extreme youth would be a disadvantage in so important a place.

Two runs last week, one on Wednesday and the other on Saturday, showed how utterly groundless all such fears were. Eugene Reynal is a thorough horseman and the Westchester Hunt will never have occasion to apologize for its M. F. H.

Oliver Belmont's devotion to the horseless carriage, that has already resulted in the disposal of his splendid stable of horses, is causing considerable comment among the members of the Hempstead colony, in which Mr. and Mrs. Belmont have elected to reside.



A Hunting Possibility.

It is held by certain progressive minds that Mr. Belmont intends to use the horseless carriage in following the Meadow Brook hounds.

At the first glance this is startling. But when we stop to consider all the possibilities the wonder at it abates materially.

Surely it is quite as easy to follow the road with a horseless carriage as with one hitched to horses.

And when it comes to getting across country in a vehicle the horseless carriage really at a disadvantage as compared to the other kind?

It was not long ago that Mrs. August Belmont drove her high stepper and T cart across the fields and over a two-barred break in a fence.

Do you think that Oliver Belmont could not do as much with one of his horseless carriages?

With the bicycle and the horseless carriage as a basis of operation, and with such daring spirits as that of Oliver Belmont to put its fruits to a practical test, I shall not be astonished to find human ingenuity doing away with the horse in fox hunting, even as, with the aid of the unseeded bug, it has already done away with the fox.

Apologies to Oliver Belmont it is scheduled in Newport for him to give a banquet on the first Monday in December to his fel-

low members of St. John's Masonic lodge.

In this fact Newport finds some slight consolation for Mr. Belmont's determination to change his residence to Hempstead.

It is only about a year since Mr. Belmont joined the Masons, but in the interim he has made rapid progress. In the order.

He is now a junior warden and it is said that he is slated for the important post of senior warden at the next election held in his lodge.

It is possible that Mr. Belmont's success in riding the goat may have some bearing on the general faith that he will ultimately solve the problem of riding to hounds in a horseless carriage.

Clarence Andrews, who is really the soul of the Society of Musical Arts, which is to exploit itself so volitionally in the new Astoria Hotel, is making a great drive for duets.

His membership list includes the best people in New York, and the programme that he has arranged is worthy of the auditors and the place.

The first entertainment will be on December 6, when "Le Châlet," an opera in one act, will be given by artists of ability and repute. This will be followed by orchestral selections and then the evening will end with "Callirhoe," Chamblaine's mythological ballet, in which Mlle. Emma de Connoll, who created the principal role in Marseilles, will make her first appearance in America.

December 13 is the date of the second entertainment. Then will be given Massenet's "Le Portrait de Manon," orchestral numbers and a new pantomime, in which Mme. Pilar Morin will appear.

The third entertainment is marked for December 21, when Massenet's "Eve" will be the piece de resistance.

From all of which it will be seen that the handsome Clarence has developed into quite a theatrical manager, and that the new Astoria is almost as much a theatre as it is a hotel.

That Miss Mildred Stokes, who is known to her friends as Milly, will tower above other debutantes of this season is clearly apparent to all who have seen this interesting young lady.

Certain short chappisettes, who are penguin with envy on account of Miss Mildred's stature, declare that she is six feet tall.

I think that this is an exaggeration, although it must be admitted that the young lady is exceedingly tall.

In this respect she resembles her brother, J. G. Phelps Stokes, who is one of the young giants of society.

Like all the other children of Mr. and Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Miss Mildred has a big fortune in her own right.

One item of her private fortune is the sum of \$1,500,000, which was left in trust to her several years ago on the death of her maternal grandfather, Isaac N. Phelps, and which has increased materially since then by careful investment.

Miss Mildred Stokes will make her debut at a ten to be given at the Madison avenue residence of her parents on Saturday afternoon, November 27. This will be the first grand crush affair of the season, and will be followed by a series of dinners, dances, luncheons and theatre parties in honor of the debutante.

It looks very much as though the mansion of the Anson Phelps Stokeses will be one of the most conspicuous centres of gayety this season.

One of the funny things developed by the amateur flower show, that came to an end in the Astoria Hotel yesterday, was the occupancy of boxes to watch the exhibit.

One old chap who draws deep in the social seat for nearly an hour in one of the boxes while he studied a chrysanthemum through an opera glass.

It did not seem to have occurred to him that he could have made a much more successful examination of the flower by going on the floor.

No bride of the season has had such gorgeous bridal gifts as Mrs. John A. Lowery, or rather Mrs. James Speyer.

The bridegroom's wedding present was a collarette of diamonds and pearls several inches deep, and a headpiece to match.

Edgar Speyer, who came over from London to be his brother's best man, brought a splendid all-diamond collarette. One of Mr. Speyer's sisters, who has not yet met the bride, sent over a splendid bracelet, entirely of white and canary diamonds.

From other members of the Speyer family came a lot of family silver and no end of jewels.

C. P. Huntington sent rich gifts of silver and placed two private cars at the disposal of the happy pair on their wedding trip through the West.

Mr. Speyer was liberal in making presents to all the caterers, florists, maids and servants generally who assisted in the function that launched him so successfully into the tender joys of the honeymoon.

Meantime there is one very handsome but very disconsolate young man in town, whom all the efforts of many sympathizing young ladies cannot rescue from the dependency into which he has fallen since the wedding.

And thus it is demonstrated once again that one chap's happiness is only too often another chap's woe.

The information upon which I based the publication in yesterday's Journal of a paragraph concerning the reported marriage of Mr. John B. Hannan was erroneous, as I have discovered subsequently.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## On a Midnight Cable Car.

THE man who had been asleep in the corner of the car woke up when the chorus girl's umbrella, which she held in the same hand which desperately clutched a strap, had drained a small ocean of deep brown water over his shirt front. Probably some of the water had worked through to his very skin, for he woke with a shiver and start. When he first saw what had happened, he was very mad, and muttered "What fell?" but when he made a further study, and saw that the girl, who was very pretty, was unconscious of her offence, he rose, bowed profoundly, urged her to take his seat, and said:

"I'll hold your umbrella, if you like."

"Thank you, it's no trouble to me," she answered, sweetly.

"But it is to me," he remarked, with equal sweetness; and then she saw the havoc she had wrought with his evening dress shirt front, and laughed nervously, and may have blushed, but if she did it did not score, for she had not removed her professional make-up from her face.

A number of people left the cable car at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, leaving plenty of room for the man to sit down by the side of the girl. He did so, and became very friendly.

"That reminds me of something I saw in the Ophir shaft at the Comstock, years ago," began the Nevada man, addressing the passengers impartially. No one paid any attention to him, but he went on cheerfully:

"There was a mighty fine looking woman—Davenport was her name—playing 'Mazette,' and some of the boys took her down in the mine after the show. She hadn't sluiced off the powder and paint from her face, either, and the sweat—"

"What is the Rubie giving us?" the chorus girl whispered to the man by her side.

"A romance of the wide and woolly West," he replied, and the Brooklyn man asked the Nevada man if the Comstock was near the Klondike.

"The Klondike is no good," suddenly exclaimed the fat man.

"Why?" asked the Brooklynite.

"It's too far from the Bowers," exclaimed the fat man, and then burst into such fits of laughter that the conductor rang up three bells for two fares.

"Fare made a hit with himself," the chorus girl remarked.

"You see," continued the Nevada, who had never ceased telling his story, "the miners are so hot that everybody sweats like a sponge, and she was dripping pink rain from her face. The boys were kind of shy about telling—"

"Ruben," said the chorus girl, to the Nevada, "go up stage and do a thinking part."

"Meaning me?" asked the Nevada.

"Sure, Mike," her companion replied. "You ain't the North Pole; you can be reached."

The fat man roared again, but this time the conductor wound up, with one to the good, by ringing two bells for four fares, whereupon the fat man roared again, and the conductor winked at him solemnly.

"Why would it be better if it were nearer the Bowers?" asked the Brooklyn man, and as no one seemed to know what he was talking about except the Nevada man, who had not finished his story yet, and did not reply, the Brooklynite turned red, and began consulting a time table of a Brooklyn raised road.

The New Yorker, who had been silent until now, suddenly asked why Fifth avenue, with its new pavement, was like a Bowers boy.

"The fewer the higher," suggested the chorus girl.

"Because it's a smooth article," said the fat man, and began to roar, but stopped suddenly and closely observed the conductor, which called every one's attention to the fact that three fares only got two bells. That made the conductor scowl, and then the fat man roared again.

"Why the fewer the higher?" asked the Brooklynite, leaning across to the chorus girl.

"But when she got on the surface again, and saw herself in a looking glass," continued the Nevada, tirelessly